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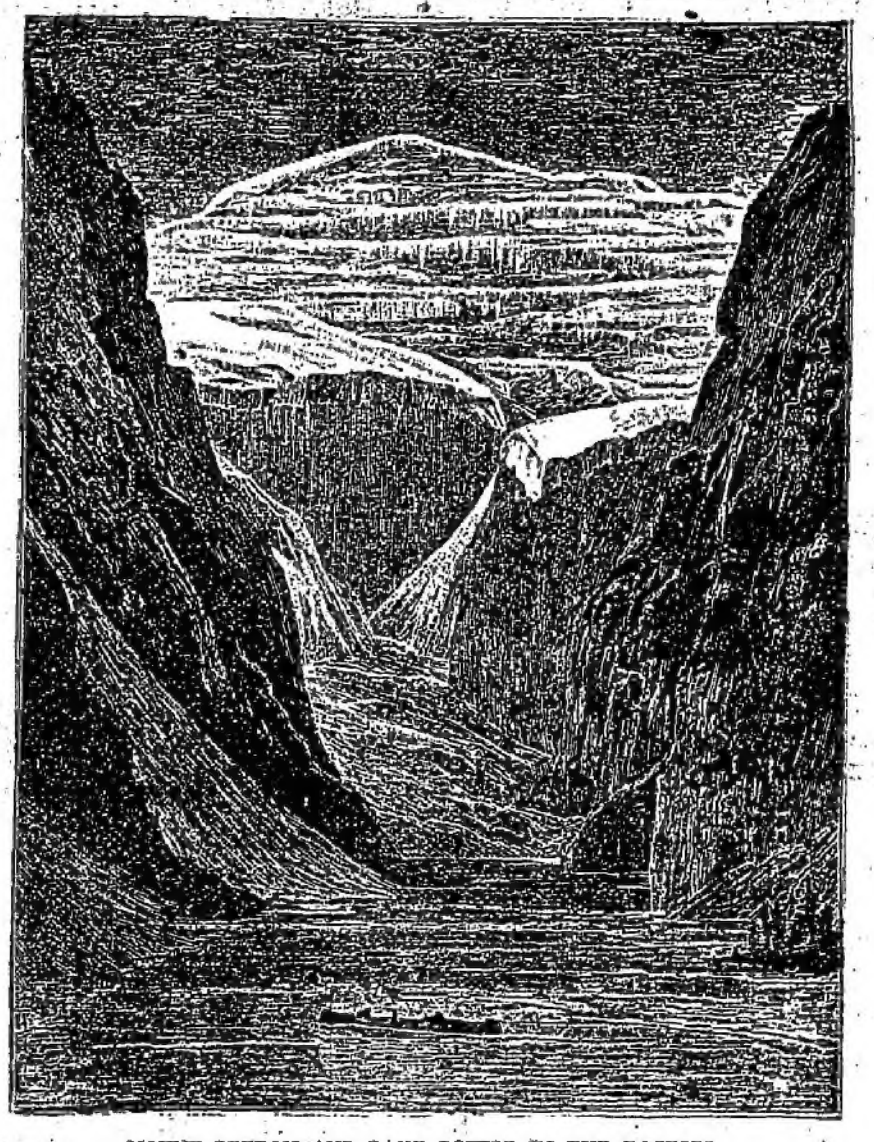


MOUNT LEFROY AND LAKE LOUISE IN THE ROCKIES.

BITS FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Said an old gentleman to the writer a number of years ago "I have been over pretty nearly half the world but never have I looked upon scenery grander than that of British Columbia." A few years ago this wonderland could only reveal its treasures to the adventurous few, but already, since the opening of the great Canadian Pacific Railway many of its scenes have become familiar to us all. To many, British Columbia is nothing but a sea of mountains, all known under the generic name of the "Rockies," but in reality there are four distinct ranges. To the east are the Rockies proper, which the railway crosses at Hector Pass near Mount Lefroy. West of this is the Selkirk range, which the railway can only reach by descending a steep gradient to the Columbia River and thence by the valley of Beaver Creek ascending again to the Roger's Pass. From here the line again plunges down, crosses the winding Columbia a second time, ascends a third range, the Gold range, and leaving this crosses the great valley watered by the Fraser and its tributaries, which divides the Gold from the Coast range or Cascades.

These mountain ranges are snow-capped all the year round and their valleys are filled with vast glaciers from which are fed the mighty mountain torrents, and their slopes are covered with dense forests of cedar and pine.

One of the latest explorers in this region is the Rev. W. Spotswood Green, who a short time ago, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, illustrated by stereopticon views, described his recent explorations among these western Alps. With his friend the Rev. H. Swanzy he established his head-quarters at the Glacier House, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway near Roger's Pass, and from thence made excursions here and there through districts which had never before been described in detail.

Immediately above Glacier House, a fine peak, Mount Sir Donald towers skyward to over 10,000 feet. The side facing the railway presents one huge, smooth precipice. The peak dominating the region surveyed by Mr. Green, and called by him Mount Bonney, rises 10,622 ft. from a great bed of glacier. To approach it it was necessary to carry a camp through almost impenetrable forest to the foot of these glaciers. After one long day from his camp, spent in exploring a route, followed by a day's rest, the ascent commenced at 3.30 a.m. In twelve hours the summit was reached, but ere the camp could be regained dark night overtook the two travellers, and stumbling over fallen timber in pitchy darkness was an experience not to be envied. Our engraving, which we copy from the London *Graphic*, give some idea of the difficulty of part of the descent. The snow where they went up was soft and powdery and the rock beneath was rotten shale. But in attempting to avoid this particular "tooth" in coming down they succeeded only in starting an avalanche and were obliged to return by the same route, lowering their ice axes by the rope, fastening the rope to a spur of rock and then descending by its aid.

Some of the valleys have in all probability never before been trodden by the foot of a white man. The mountain goats were so wild that they knew no fear and one even ventured right into their camp.

On one occasion while leading a pack horse through one of the snow sheds, with which the railway for many miles through the Selkirks has to be protected, they were overtaken by a train and it was with the greatest difficulty that they kept the animal from being run over.

The upper cut gives one view on Lake Louise in the Rockies near where the railway crosses and shows a scene of grandeur that reaches the sublime.

UNT BONNEY.

READ UP AND NOT DOWN.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

I thought my father tyrannical, once upon a time, when he insisted that I should bring to him the book that a young brother had told him "Sis read in bed after everybody else was asleep."

"Suppose I was only fourteen years of age, hadn't I the right to read books?" was my defiant question when a mild rebuke was given me for wasting precious time reading hurtful books, trying my eyes by reading in bed, and exposing the household to the danger of fire if I should fall asleep forgetting to extinguish the lamp too near my pillow. Never to be forgotten was the gentle, "Daughter, one cannot read even a light, trifling book, neither very bad nor good, without being affected by it in some way."

I was not stinted in good, helpful literature that father took special pains to put into my hands; but other girls read such splendid books, "The Emerald Necklace," "Duchess of So-So," and could talk glibly of Ouida, Zola, and authors whom I never heard mentioned in our house.

A few years rolled on, and I was mistress in my father's house, having charge of the domestic part of it. Our "help" was a sweet-souled young woman who had improved much after a course of good, helpful reading, but suddenly I noticed a change for the worse in Louise. A sullen look spoiled her usually bright face, and upon many occasions she flouted me, taking special pains to slur and to speak scornfully of women.

For two months Louise grew more cynical, placing women lower and lower, and attributing questionable or mercenary motives to pure, self-sacrificing women who lived only for the good of others. One day, tried sorely by her scoffs, I asked, "Louise, do you include your mother and sister when you assail our sex in such a wholesale manner?"

An angry light glowed in her eyes—her mother was almost an object of adoration. I waited for the wrath which spoke in her eyes to find expression in words, when a dear old friend drew from the basket of mending a book, "Puck," one of Ouida's works.

"I guessed the trouble, dearie. Let me read aloud something from its pages," and selection followed selection.

"It's not a bad book," said Louise, sullenly.

"Did I say it was, Louise? I only said that it does not show women in a good light," returned our friend, calmly. "I couldn't read this book, at my age, without getting a little bitterness into my soul."

"All women are not good," retorted Louise. "Don't the papers tell of women being at the bottom of crimes?" she inquired, defiantly.

"Unfortunately, they do tell of failings oftener than of the brave battle the patient saints are waging with sin. Louise, I have ever thought, since I have known my Lord, that I had not time to waste in learning of the deeds of wicked or careless people. Time flies, and there is not enough of it in which to prepare for heaven or to help others along the way. I have never loved evil; why should I fret my soul by brooding over that which is vile? Long years I said in my heart, suppose the Lord should call for me hastily, in a moment, I do not want to have in my hand a book or paper with pages teeming with thoughts that fill me with doubts of all that is good. While there is an abundant supply of refreshing, simple, uplifting literature, the Lord's own workers, young and old, need look no further for help and pleasure. Genius or talent does not make of sin a virtue, no matter if the lustre be brilliant. If a book be a fascinating one, veiling, even making certain vices alluring, shun it, burn it, if possible. When the soul is filled with distrust and doubt, and we begin to view suspiciously our fellow-creatures, while reading a book, it is time to look closely into the matter. Suppose thee begins to read up and not down, from this time, as all Christian workers, young and old, should read," continued good Mrs. Lane.

In a few moments Louise took up the prettily-bound book and laid it upon the coals, saying firmly: "I haven't felt right since I first read this. I want to read up, indeed I must do it, as it seems that I'm so constituted that I read worldly, careless hurtful books to my soul's harm. Since I've found out that I've been harmed by reading it, I'll not place a stumbling-block in the way of another."

As for me, I thank God daily for the careful father who taught me to read up and not down, and I leave this for the young Endeavor to think over; is it wise to give any printed page a second thought except that which reads up?—*Golden Rule.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY E. M. CHAPMAN.

Father, keep thy little one
Safe this night;
Through dark hours, until the sun
Brings us light.

While the earth is fast asleep,
All at rest,
Thine Almighty eye doth keep
Vigil blest.

And thine arm is strong to save;
We need fear
Neither darkness, storm, nor wave:
Thou art near.

In the morning may I wake
Fresh and strong,
Find new things to undertake
All day long.

In the rugged path of life
Guide thou me,
Bring me through its toil and strife,
Safe to thee.

THE WORK OF SUPPRESSING VICE.

(By Anthony Comstock in the Golden Rule.)

When we consider that there are about eight millions of children and youth in this country, that each of these youthful minds is susceptible to the temptation and allurements of the Evil One, and that he loses no opportunity to ruin an immortal soul; and when we contemplate the insidious and deadly influences of the evils assailed by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and its auxiliary and kindred societies, then, and not until then, shall we come to any just appreciation of the importance to the public of these efforts in the line of moral reform. Believing in suppression before contamination, this society has for nearly seventeen years maintained a most vigilant warfare against the seed-sowing of corruption among the rising generation.

Ignorance of facts leads many persons to doubt the existence of these evils. Many minds are so constituted that they will not believe it possible that books, pictures, and articles such as this society has gathered up and destroyed by tons, can exist. Others, who know something of the character of some of these matters, still question their existence to any great extent, or think it impossible that such things should be disseminated among students in colleges, girls in seminaries, or children at school. Arguments similar to the following are often urged by these doubters. One says, "I don't see how they can circulate these things." Another says, "I never saw anything of this kind while I was at school." Others say, "Men would not dare put forth such matters," etc. Notwithstanding all this and much more, the painful fact still remains, that we have traced into the possession of youth belonging to our best families, attending our best institutions of learning, the most obscene, infamous, and damnable matters. The parent society alone has seized over forty-four tons of obscene books, pictures, plates, and other articles, besides about ten tons of gambling, lottery, and fradulent paraphernalia. Other societies swell this total to nearly, if not quite, fifty tons of foul matter that has been seized since the commencement of this work in 1872. The parent association alone has arrested over 1,450 persons. Of publications issued in this country, and contraband by law, as being destructive of public morality, the plates and engravings for two hundred and ten different books have been seized by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Who can estimate the harm that the circulation of a single vile book is capable of doing? Multiply this by hundreds of thousands, and then what of morality among our youth? What of our future prosperity as a nation if our youth are debased, corrupted, and ruined by such influences?

To present vile matter to the mind of the young is like hanging up in memory's hall a picture to be gazed at as often as perverted appetite or passion chooses to turn attention toward it. It is like making in a youth's mind a photographic negative of the foul thing, from which the tempter may, as often as he chooses to act upon the memory, reproduce it before the child's mind. Again, it becomes a plaything for corrupted imagination, a whisper of foul things, an insidious seducer from paths of purity and virtue. Indeed, when once admitted to the sacred precincts of the mind, the vile book or picture is a most active agency in soiling the imagination of man's heart, acting as a cranker-worm to secretly eat out self-respect, and undermine all that is holy and exalting.

Why are the pens of scholars so slow to write warnings against defiled imaginations? Why are minister so silent against this class of foes that are insidiously undermining society, and destroying a desire and taste for holy things? They cry out against the evils of intemperance, and silly burdens of fashion, the lascivious dance, the dissipation of late hours, the absence from the sanctuary, the breaking of the Sabbath, dishonoring of parents, worldliness, and other evils; and yet, when it comes to this most deadly and active foe of morality, church and state,—the corruption and defilement of youthful minds and hearts, through licentious publications, pictures, and articles,—then they are alarmingly and painfully silent. False modesty has made cowards of us all.

O that parents, teachers, and pastors might become more deeply impressed with the dangers that surround the young, and might fortify themselves against evils which are not only honey-combing society, bringing shame and digrace upon the family, but are cursing more and more each generation born into the world!

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 9.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JESUS.—Luke 2:50-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."—Luke 2:52.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 2:1-12.—Visit of the Magi.
T. Matt. 2, 13-23.—The flight into Egypt.
W. Luke 2:40-52.—Childhood and youth of Jesus.
Th. Ex. 12:1-17.—The Passover Instituted.
F. Deut. 16:1-17.—The Yearly Feasts.
S. John 9:1-12.—"The Works of Him that sent Me."
S. Psalm 84:1-12.—Delight in God's House.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jesus at the Feast. vs. 40-45.
II. Jesus in the Temple. vs. 46-50.
III. Jesus at Nazareth. vs. 51, 52.

TIME.—A. D. 8, April, twelve years after our last lesson; Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Coponius governor of Judea, including Samaria; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACES.—Jerusalem; Nazareth.

OPENING WORDS.

There is an interval of nearly twelve years between this lesson and the last. The recorded events of the interval are; the prophecy of Anna (Luke 2:36-38); the visit of the Magi (Matt. 2:1-12). The flight into Egypt. (Matt. 2:13-15); the slaughter of the children at Bethlehem (Matt. 4:16-18); the return to Nazareth (Matt. 2; 19-23). All these events occurred probably within the first six months of our Saviour's life.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 41. *His parents*—only the men were required to go to the annual feasts (Ex. 23:14-17), but devout women also went. 1 Sam. 1:7. *The passover*—celebrated at the full moon of the first month, in commemoration of the deliverance from Egypt. Ex. 12:21-24. V. 42. *Twelve years old*—at this age Jewish boys were called "sons of the law," and were considered responsible for obedience to the law. V. 43. *Fulfilled the days*—the seven days of the feast. Ex. 12:15; Lev. 23:5, 6. V. 44. *In the company*—probably a large one from Nazareth and the neighboring villages. *Sought him*—when they halted for the night. V. 46. *After three days*—counting from their departure from Jerusalem. *In the temple*—in one of the porches where the rabbis held their schools. *Doctors*—teachers. *Asking them questions*—as scholars generally did. V. 47. *Understanding*—as shown by his questions. V. 49. *Wist ye not*—know ye not. The Revised Version renders this question "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" V. 51. *Was subject unto them*—submitting to their authority and sharing in the labor of the workshop and the house.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long an interval between this lesson and the last? What is recorded of the life of Jesus during this interval? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JESUS AT THE FEAST. vs. 40-45.—What is said of the child Jesus? What was foretold of him in Isa. 11:2? Where did his parents go every year? What was the passover? What ordinance has taken its place? At what age did his parents take Jesus with them? What took place as they returned? Where did they seek him? What did they do?

II. JESUS IN THE TEMPLE. vs. 46-50.—Where was Jesus found? What was he doing? At what were all astonished? What did Mary say to Jesus? What was his reply? What is our "Father's business" for us? John 4:34; 1 Cor. 10:31. When should we begin it? What is the chief end of man?

III. JESUS AT NAZARETH. vs. 51, 52.—Where did Jesus go with his parents? How did he behave toward them? How should all children be like him? Which is the fifth commandment? In what did Jesus increase? How may we gain the love of others?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus knows the wants of children, for he was once a child.
2. That he has set an example that children should follow.
3. That children should love the house of God and begin early to serve him.
4. That like Jesus we should love and obey our parents.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What is said of the child Jesus? Ans. The grace of God was upon him.
2. At what age was he taken to the feast of the passover? Ans. At the age of twelve years.
3. What did he do at the close of the feast? Ans. He stayed at Jerusalem.
4. How long did his parents seek him? Ans. Three days.
5. Where did they find him? Ans. In the temple with the teachers of the law.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 16.

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN.—Luke 3:7-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—Matt. 3:2.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Preparing for the Messiah. vs. 7-14.
II. Foretelling the Messiah. vs. 15-20.
III. Baptizing the Messiah. vs. 21, 22.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 3:1-22.—The Ministry of John.
T. Matt. 3:1-17.—The Baptism of Jesus.
W. Mal. 4:1-6.—The Forerunner Foretold.
Th. Isa. 40:1-11.—The Voice in the Wilderness.
F. John 1:19-36.—John's Testimony to Jesus.
S. John 3:23-36.—John's Later Testimony.
S. Isa. 55:1-13.—The Saviour's Call.

TIME.—A.D., 26, summer and autumn, eighteen years after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas Governor of Galilee and Perea. John was now thirty years old.

PLACE.—The wilderness of Judea, the hilly and thinly-inhabited region west of the Dead Sea and the lower Jordan.

OPENING WORDS.

All that we know of the early years of John the Baptist is recorded in Luke 1:80. At the age of thirty he came forth from his retirement and began his work. Great multitudes flocked to him, and he preached to them the baptism of repentance. Parallel passages, Matt. 3:1-17; 14:3-5; Mark 1:1-11; 6:17-20.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 8. *Bring forth fruits*—show your sincerity by your conduct. *Begin not to say*—do not think that you will be saved because you are Jews. V. 12. *Publicans*—tax-collectors. V. 13. *Appointed*—the lawful tax. V. 15. *Were in expectation*—of the Messiah. V. 16. *Cometh*—will soon appear. *Shoes*—soles of wood or leather fastened to the foot by straps; to unloose them was the work of a slave. *Holy Ghost and fire*—making them pure and holy. V. 17. *Fan*—a fork or shovel by which the grain was tossed into the air that the chaff might be blown away. *Wheat*—the good. *Garner*—the granary. *Chaff*—the wicked. V. 19. *Herod the tetrarch*—Herod Antipas, the son of Herod the Great. V. 21. *Jesus also*—see Matt. 3:16, 17; John 1:32-34. *Praying*—probably in silent prayer. *The Heaven was opened*—to Jesus and to John only. V. 22. *Like a dove*—the emblem of purity and peace. *A voice*—the voice of God the Father.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was John the Baptist? When and where did he begin his ministry? What did he preach? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PREPARING FOR THE MESSIAH. vs. 7-14.—Whom did John rebuke? Why did he call them a generation of vipers? What question did he ask? What did he exhort them to do? What warning did he give them? What is repentance unto life? What did the people ask him? What was his answer? Who also came to be baptized? What direction did he give them? Who else asked the same question?

II. FORETELLING THE MESSIAH. vs. 15-18.—What were the people thinking about John? What did John say of his work? How did he foretell the coming Messiah? What would be the Messiah's baptism? What further did John say of the Messiah? What instance of John's faithfulness is here recorded? How did he suffer for his faithfulness? (See Matt. 14:3-12.)

III. BAPTIZING THE MESSIAH. vs. 21, 22.—Who was now baptized? What followed his baptism? Why did the Holy Ghost thus descend upon him? What voice came from heaven? Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we must repent of our sins if we would be saved.
2. That if we repent we will forsake our sins and do what God commands.
3. That God will certainly punish those who do not live good lives.
4. That baptism with water will not save us; we need to be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What command did John give those whom he baptized? Ans. Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance.
2. What warning did he give? Ans. Every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast down into the fire.
3. What did he foretell of the Messiah? Ans. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.
4. What followed the baptism of Jesus? Ans. The Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape, like a dove upon him.
5. What did a voice from heaven say? Ans. Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day:
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought Divine:
"You are living, toiling for love's sake
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And the sacred self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—*Mother's Companion.*

CULINARY COURAGE.

Travelling beaten paths is on the whole so safe and secure a proceeding that to ask whether it is also wise and best never enters the mind of many people. We are all not so much like those sheep which have gone astray, as we are like a stupid flock who go on forever following one worthy bell-wether, simply because we always have done so, and lack the courage and originality to try new paths and other pastures. This is particularly true of house-keepers. Fashion having decreed that certain dishes are correct upon certain occasions, these dishes are fated to appear and reappear upon every table until the fashion changes. And did it ever occur to you to wonder why the fashion changed? Simply because there is somewhere a somebody with originality enough to plan a new dish, and with force enough to make others accept it.

It is very easy to get into a certain rut, and to go on from day to day never soaring above plain roast and boiled. This is partly from that indifference to the higher branches of the culinary art which is sometimes supposed to show that the housekeeper has a soul above the kitchen, but it is oftener that the house-wife is fairly frightened at the outset by the supposed elaborateness of the materials required. A handful of minced parsley, anchovy paste, curry-powder, a bouquet of herbs, a garnish of whipped cream, have so alarmed many a woman that she has closed her cook-book with a hopeless sigh, exclaiming: "Oh, why did not somebody write a few receipts for poor people who cannot afford all these elaborate materials, and yet who wish to serve their dishes up in a wholesome and appetizing manner!"

And after that she will probably return to her mutton, and put it on the table as of yore in the form of a plain roast, or if *rechauffe*, in mince-meat flavored chiefly with fat and warm water. Now the real truth is that these materials, which make all the difference between good cookery and that which is utterly tiresome and commonplace, are neither expensive nor hard to obtain. A little courage—the courage of daring to try experiments, and to depart from time-honored rules and customs—is about all that is needed to quite transform the ordinary table. A handful of parsley costs five cents, and will be enough to season a number of dishes, or better still, you can raise it yourself in a box in the window, and the more you cut it the more it will grow. You can for a few cents get bay-leaves enough to last a year, for their flavor is so strong that one never needs more than one at a time. Garlic comes by the braid for a trifle, and one braid will season soups and mince-meats for months. Cream can be had for eighteen cents a pint, and half a pint whipped will make a dessert of baked pears or apples food fit for a king.

If you live out of town you probably may find your grocer inadequate; but it is easy to write a list of necessary seasonings and condiments, and have a year's supply sent from the city at once. With a country home you have the advantage of a bit of land, it is supposed, on which you can raise soup herbs and salads far superior to any to be bought at market.

And now, having bought your supplies, and having found them to be, after all, neither so strange nor so costly, have the courage to try using them, and you cannot but be glad that you have so done. Because your mother has always considered potatoes quite good enough when plainly boiled or baked need not prevent your attempting other and more savory fashions. Try potatoes parboiled, and then baked under the roast of beef; or warmed, with onion browned in butter and a spoonful of minced parsley into Lyonnaise; or heated in milk slightly thickened and well-seasoned; or made into dainty croquettes, crisp and creamy; or cooked, in short, in any of a score of other ways—and you will be ready to confess that there are possibilities in the honest potato of which you never dreamed.

Again, if you have in the house a fine boiled ham, do not allow it to return to the table as plain ham until the very name has become a jest, and the sight of the lengthening bone and ragged meat has wearied even robust appetite. Make an omelet, and sift powdered ham over it just before you fold it; or chop fine a cup of the meat and add it to well-seasoned scrambled egg; or mix it with rice and make it into croquettes; or try the delicious Southern rule; spread thin slices with mustard, pepper, and curry-powder, and fry them brown, adding to the gravy a pinch of white sugar; serve very hot; and you have barbecued ham—a most tempting, savory dish, and yet wonderfully simple to concoct.

To serve as an accompaniment to roast beef you will find few dishes more satisfactory than a Yorkshire pudding. I have heard a house-keeper of conservative habit exclaim: "Yorkshire pudding! Oh, that is what they always have in Dickens' stories and in English cookery-books. I cannot spend my time trying such elaborate dishes as that." Yet a Yorkshire pudding is nothing more than a batter of eggs, milk, flour and a pinch of salt, poured into the dripping-pan in which the beef is cooking, and baked until it is brown, crisp, and delicious.

In the line, too, of breads and of desserts the venturesome housewife can make many discoveries worth the finding, and, with no more labor or expense, can furnish her family with a pleasant variety of dishes. The whole matter lies in a nutshell. It is only this: Have the courage of an explorer, and do not be daunted by the experience of your friends. Do not be afraid to venture, and you and those whose comfort depends upon you cannot fail to be delighted with the result.—*Exchange.*

TEACHING TIDINESS.

May not the house-mother, to whom long years of effort have perhaps made neatness instinctive, save herself trouble, and her children and children-in-law that may some day be, unhappiness, by beginning at the very outset to teach her daughters, ay, and her sons too, that it is essential that they should have an eye for dirt?

The tired woman sighs as she gathers together the articles of clothing and the newspapers her husband has tossed down and left for some one else to pick up. "Men are naturally untidy," she says, with a patient smile that holds no hint of blame. In the same spirit she goes at stated intervals to the closets and bureau drawers of her boys and girls, and restores them from chaos to something like order. "Children will be careless," she tells you, apologetically.

Would it not be better for her and them if more stress were laid upon the old maxim Solomon ought to have uttered, though he didn't, "Cleanliness is next to godliness"? Would she not do a wise thing if she taught her little men and women that to be dirty is as much a sin as it is to lose one's temper, to utter angry words, or to strike blows in wrath, and that it is the duty of every one to fight against such a fault, and if possible, conquer it before it conquers them? Could she not explain all that dust and dirt mean as breeders and carriers of disease germs, as injurious to the skin, the eyes, the lungs? And finally, could she not impress it upon them that the laziness which lead the girl in sweeping to brush the dust under the sofa, and the boy in dressing to leave his boots and soiled clothes in the middle of the floor, is a manifestation of that self-indulgence and love of ease which if not curbed will in time vitiate even the finest characters?

The teaching tidiness to boys does not require much attention to details. A man's life has so little to do with the minutiæ of house-keeping that it ought to be a comparatively easy matter for him to learn to keep his especial corner of the house neat, and to avoid disordering the general family rooms.

But with a girl the case is different. She must comprehend the importance of little things; she must learn the evil consequences that may result from a neglected refrigerator; she must appreciate the extra labor that is involved when cooking utensils are put away half washed or half dried; she must know the injurious effects upon carpets and curtains of allowing dust to become ground into them, the saving it is to wash clothes before they are too dirty, the absolute necessity of keeping sinks and drain-pipes perfectly clean. Drilling in all these items should be part of a girl's education, just as much as training in mathematics or languages. If she is as thoroughly versed in these things as she should be, so that the knowledge and its practice become a part of herself, there is little fear that, even in a house of her own, free from all supervision, her surroundings will ever bear the look of those of the woman who has no eye for dirt.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR NERVES.

There is no greater preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. "For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest-worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will."

THEY FOUND THE DARNING-NEEDLE.

It is difficult for us of the present generation to realize the privations of the pioneers who first came into the country where we now comfortably reside, the straits to which they were at times reduced from lack of articles now as common as water and air with us, and the preposterous value they often set upon them.

An aged resident at Fitzroy, Ont., recently told me, says a correspondent, that he well remembered the time when there was but one darning-needle in that county, and the only grist-mill was a day's journey distant.

One day a Mrs. Dickson, who chanced to have temporary possession of the darning-needle, and had it carefully stuck in a holder attached to her apron, set off to go to the mill with a bag of grain laid on the back of a horse. The good lady encountered certain rough vicissitudes by the way, and unfortunately lost the darning-needle.

This was really a public calamity in Fitzroy. Nearly twenty housewives depended upon that darning-needle for repairing socks and for other coarse mending. It passed from one log-house to another, by special messenger, and every woman had the use of it one day in three weeks. Another darning-needle could not then be procured nearer than Perth, fifty miles distant.

Tidings of the disaster which had befallen Mrs. Dickson soon spread, and on the following morning a dozen women, some of them accompanied by their children, and some by their husbands, turned out to search three miles of forest-path.

It seemed to be a well-nigh hopeless task, but keen eyes were bent upon every portion of the highway, and at length one little girl espied it.

A great shout was raised, and the good news was carried along the line of searchers. The party re-collected, and the rejoicings in newly-settled Fitzroy that day were great.

HOUSEKEEPERS OUGHT TO KNOW

That to have good coffee your coffee-pot must be bright and clean inside.

That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner sweeping crosswise of the width.

That in making up the unbleached muslin allow one inch to the yard for shrinkage.

That if you fold your clothes as you take them from the line they will iron much easier.

That your copper wash-boiler, if well rubbed with a cloth dipped in coal oil, will be clean and bright.

That to keep your bedding pure and wholesome open up your beds to air the first thing in the morning.

That one part suet to two parts lard rendered together is much better for frying purposes than all lard.

That if you want to keep your house free of moths never put down your carpets till the floor is perfectly dry.

That to wash smoothing irons in dish-water, after washing your skillets, will make them smooth and prevent rusting.

PUZZLES—NO. 2.

THREE EASY ENIGMAS.

I'm in whisper and in shout,
I'm in silence and in noise,
I'm in gather and in route,
I'm in vapor and in voice,
I'm in heaven and in earth,
I'm in slothful and in neat,
I'm in nothing and in worth,
I'm in famine and in eat,
I'm in truthful and in sly,
I'm in iron and in wood,
I'm in pretty and in wry,
I'm in worldly and in good.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

I'm in terror and in fight,
I'm in humble and in might,
I'm in depth and I'm in height,
I'm in labor and in love,
I'm in ostrich and in dove,
I'm in raven and in wren,
I'm in homestead and in den,
I'm in cloudy and in light,
I'm in inky and in bright,
I'm in vapid and in vain,
I'm in servile and in reign,
I'm in torpor and in truth,
I'm in childhood and in youth.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

I'm in broken and in bent,
I'm in given and in lent,
I'm in taken and in put,
I'm in homestead and in hut,
I'm in childhood and in youth,
I'm in virtue and in truth,
I'm in pasture and in pen,
I'm in pheasant and in hen,
I'm in plover and in wren,
I'm in frequent and in few,
I'm in ancient and in new,
I'm in cavern and in cote,
I'm in terrace and in mote.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

SQUARE NO. 1.

1. Backward. 2. A title. 3. An open space of ground. 4. Like a cone. 5. Dexterity.

R. H. JENKINS.

SQUARE NO. 2.

1. To ask earnestly. 2. Rent. 3. To turn aside. 4. Brink. 5. To go in.

R. H. JENKINS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 1.

PI. No. 1.—Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you.

PI No. 2.—A soft answer turneth away wrath.

SQUARES.—

(No. 1.)	(No. 2.)	(No. 3.)
D R A W S	A W A R E	R E G A L
R E B E L	W A G E R	E L U D E
A B I D E	A G I L E	G U I D E
W E D G E	R E L I C	A D D E R
S L E E P	E R E C T	L E E R S

BIBLE ENIGMA.—"The Lord be magnified."—Psalms 40. 16.

The Family Circle.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions; fears a spectral band,
Encompass me, Oh, Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal,
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet the command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then safe and blest
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. Oh, Father, take my hand;
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Of joy and rest. Oh, Father, take my hand;
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

—*Anon.*

MASTER SOMETHING.

Henry Norton lived with his widowed mother in a small town in the western part of New York State. His father, when living, had lost most of his property through unprofitable investments, and died leaving his family only a few thousand dollars.

Mrs. Norton was a delicate woman, and knew that her health would never permit her to engage in any kind of business for the support of her large family. So she decided to live as economically as she could, and make the little money she had last as long as possible. As soon as her boys became old enough she would send them out into the world to earn money for themselves. Had their father lived they would have all gone to college. It grieved Mrs. Norton very much that her oldest son, Henry, could not take a college course. She was a lady of much culture herself, and had paid particular attention to the French language. Having associated a great deal with French people in her younger days, she had learned to speak their language with remarkable fluency. She now reasoned with herself:

"If I cannot send Henry to college I will do the next best thing. I will try and have him master the French language, and I know that if he has thoroughly learned some one important branch of study he will not be so far behind others in the life-race."

At this time Henry was fourteen years old. He had been studying French a year with his mother already. He attended the high-school, and his mother hoped to keep him there two years longer. She never let a day pass without giving him a French lesson.

Often he rebelled, and sometimes he thought it was too bad that he must give up a ball game or some other favorite amusement just for "that French." "What good is it, any way?" he would say in his boyish, impatient way. But his mother persisted, and every day the French lesson had to be learned. After a time, when he began to read and write French well, it became very interesting, and he spent many delightful hours reading French authors with his mother. She also obliged him to write her one short French letter every week.

Time passed rapidly, and almost before he knew it Henry's sixteenth birthday was upon him, and he was obliged to leave home to begin to make his own way in the world. He went to New York. An old friend of his father's had procured him a place in a large house where there were a number of clerks. Now Henry was a country-boy; and although his home was a centre of refinement, he had never been away from the small country town where he was born. His manners were very refined, but he was very diffident, and had not the confident, easy address of city-bred boys.

When he made his appearance among the clerks where he was to be employed he was greatly embarrassed, and, of course, showed himself in the worst possible light. "Country-bumpkin," whispered somebody, and for a long time his nick-name was "Bumpy."

His position at first was naturally a very humble one. He was a kind of messenger at the beck and call of all the other clerks. And a hard time of it he had! His diffidence, and an unfortunate trick he had of blushing, made him a target for all their wit. They were not intentionally unkind, but were thoughtless. And the younger clerks thought it great fun to make "Bumpy" blush and look like a girl.

But Henry bore it all in heroic silence, although many times he was greatly discouraged and thought it was useless for him to continue. His diffidence, and the consciousness that he was the butt of the other clerks, often caused him to make mistakes, and the conviction was growing upon him that he would never make a business man. But never a word of all his hard times did his mother hear. Their letters back and forth were always affectionate and cheerful. Mrs. Norton continually exhorted her son not to slight his French, and he kept it up; several evenings every week he went to the Mercantile Library reading-room and read the French papers and magazines. But no one ever knew it at the counting-house. Indeed, it never occurred to Henry that it was at all remarkable that he should know French so well, he had learned it all so quietly with his mother, and besides, he was a modest boy. Then, too, my young friends, what we know thoroughly we are not apt to parade; it is only the smatterers who delight in talking about what they know.

But there is an old saying that "sooner or later every one will find his niche." And Henry found his very soon.

The firm that employed him had been doing business for years with a French house in Paris. The French firm employed an English clerk for its English and American correspondence, so that hitherto all business letters from that quarter had been written in good English and had caused no trouble.

But when Henry Norton had been in New York about six months a batch of genuine French letters was received by his employers. The English clerk at Paris had become ill, and during his absence the business letters were all written in French.

There was no little excitement in the counting-room over these letters. No one could read them. They were immediately given over to one of the clerks who had quite a reputation among them as a French scholar. He was very fond of airing French phrases; it was *pardonnez moi*, to this one, *excusez moi* to another, *je ne sais pas* five or six times a day. But the letters. O, that was a different matter! While he was making excuses about the writing being undecipherable, etc., Henry entered.

One of his tormentors immediately saw that here was a chance for some capital fun. "Bumpy" should be asked to read those letters. This idea was soon telegraphed around among them, and the interest became intense. It would be a huge joke, and every body expected to see "Bumpy" covered with confusion when the orginator of the joke approached him, saying, in a very solemn manner,

"Bumpy, here are some French letters which Mr. Morse (one of the firm) left for you to translate. If you cannot do it the chances are that you will lose your position."

But now Henry's turn had come. All embarrassment fled. For the first time since he entered that counting-room he felt like a man. Here was something he could do without blushing. Taking the letters he turned to the would-be French scholar beside him, and with a quiet dignity that those city bred clerks might have envied, said,

"Mr. Eldridge, may I have your desk for a short time?"

You should have seen those other clerks! They were so perfectly astonished that they did not even feel abashed at the failure of their joke. They watched Henry in perfect silence; no sound was heard in the room but the scratching of his pen.

It was not long before he gave the letters translated into the best of English to the confidential clerk, for both members of the firm were absent.

And then—well, he was not called "Bumpy" again, I assure you. They crowded about him, addressing him as Henry in the most respectful and affectionate manner, and some even called him Mr. Norton, which amused Henry very much.

And from that time forth the two heads of the firm were hardly regarded with more respect than was Henry Norton. When it was learned that he could answer the letters in French their respect and admiration knew no bounds. And Henry's head would have been turned by their attentive behavior had he not inherited such a large stock of common sense from his excellent mother, who had taken care to foster this good quality in her son.

Henry was glad to be sent out again with a message so that he might be alone with his new sense of freedom and feeling of manliness. His feet fairly flew over the pavement, and his controlling thought was, "My dear, dear mother! How thankful I am that she made me learn French so well!"

And what a letter he wrote her that night! He told her all the troubles of the past six months, and how often he had been tempted to give up and come home to her.

But he did not dream of what was yet in store for him. His happiness and gratitude arose from the fact that his knowledge of French had completely changed his position with the other clerks.

But the two principals got their heads together and said,

"Henry must have a better position. A boy who can do such work as that ought not to do messenger work."

So they decided to promote him. The clerks, of course, told every other man they met the remarkable story; for in those days—this happened twenty years ago—a young man in business with such a knowledge of French was a rarity.

About a week after the event a prominent banker in the vicinity sought an interview with Henry and offered him a large salary to translate and write French letters for him. Henry took the position, and when he was eighteen years old he conducted the entire French correspondence of that large banking-house.

Soon after taking this position he determined to learn the banking business as thoroughly as he had learned French. He did it, and to-day he is one of the largest and most prosperous bankers in our country.

He attributes all his success to his thorough knowledge of French; for it was not only the stepping-stone to a better position and larger salary, but, what was of equal importance, the application that had been necessary to master French had so strengthened and disciplined his mind and character that he was prepared to assume greater responsibilities as they came.

In Henry Norton's case it happened to be the mastery of the French language which paved the way to his success in business. But depend upon it, my young friends, it will pay you to master anything. And, once the habit of thoroughness is established, you will master everything you undertake, and success is sure.—*Our Youth.*

"THINKETH NO EVIL."

BY MRS. S. ROSALIE SILL.

"Have you been to see our new neighbor yet?" asked Mrs. Hoover of Mrs. Landon, as she called one evening.

"No. I have not had the time yet. You know our children have had the whooping-cough, and I could not leave them."

"If I were you, I would not call just yet," was said with the mysterious air of "I have something I could reveal, but I think I will not just now."

So a suspicious feeling took possession of the heart of Mrs. Landon, who was really a good woman and intended calling upon this woman who had recently come in to live among perfect strangers.

"I do wonder if there is anything bad about this Mrs. Heddon?" Mrs. Landon said to her husband one day. "Have you seen her at all?"

"Yes, once. She came into the store one day, and did some trading."

"Did she look like a bad woman, or a bold one?"

"No indeed! She was a timid little thing, dressed in deep mourning, which I noticed was growing a little shabby; and she had a sharp, harsh cough. I thought at the time she must be in the first stages of consumption. But what do you mean about her being bold or bad?"

"Why, I know nothing about her, only Mrs. Hoover said if she were in my place she would not call just now; and her looks seemed to mean more than her words."

"Humph," came from Mr. Landon. "It seems to me you are not doing exactly as the Book you profess to take as your guide would have one to do. 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in; sick and ye visited me.' I think this woman is a widow, as I have never seen a man about the place or any one else but her. Come to think of it, I have not seen her for the last two days. I dare say, Mrs. Hoover knows nothing against the woman. You remember she is just a little singular. Your Book teaches you also to think no evil; doesn't it?" Mr. Landon was very apt to quote Scripture where it concerned his wife, much more so than where it concerned himself, for he was not a Christian; although he was noted for benevolence.

"Why, James, the poor woman may be sick, and no one with her," said Mrs. Landon, in a distressed voice. "I will call as soon as we finish dinner. I am so sorry I have allowed myself to be influenced by Mrs. Hoover."

"I will go in with you, as I am on my way to the store, and if anything serious should be the matter, I will see that a physician is sent at once. Do not distress yourself, Charlotte, over what I have said. I know you mean right. But when I see a flaw in a Christian's life, I make too much of it."

The Landons found Mrs. Heddon lying upon the couch, weak, and suffering from the terrible cough. The poor woman said that every one had seemed to shun her, and she had drawn within herself, feeling too sensitive to covet acquaintance.

Mr. Landon soon had a physician there, and needed comforts from his store.

Mrs. Heddon had come to the little town, as ordered by her physician, for a change; but it had proved too late. She had brought a letter from the Baptist church where she had lived, and intended uniting with the one there, but her cough had been so annoying she could not attend. And as Mrs. Hoover had sown the seeds of distrust the woman was left to herself.

Mrs. Hoover, in self-defence, said she heard a woman by the name of Heddon had been suspected of having tried to poison her husband, but had afterwards been cleared.

"But that was in B——," said Mrs. Landon, when told of it, "and this woman came from another place."

"You are all so very kind to me," the sick woman said one day. "I was so lonely though, for a time. I think I missed my dear pastor most of all. But I should learn to love this new one almost as well, I know; only the days are so few now."

The tears coursed down Mrs. Landon's face as she heard these words, for well she knew had she not listened to Mrs. Hoover, this poor woman would have had so much more enjoyment. "God give me that charity which thinketh no evil," she said softly to herself as she turned away.—*Watchman.*

HABITS are to the soul, what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which it moves.—*H. Bushnell.*

VIRTUE will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.—*Burke.*

MISS CORNELIA SORABJI.

Many are familiar with the name of the Rev. Sorabji Kharsedji, Honorary Native Missionary of the C.M.S. at Poona, Western India, and many more will remember Mrs. Sorabji, who conducts the Victoria High School at Poona in connection with the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, and who, in 1886, visited England to plead the cause of female education in India. The lady whose portrait we give on this page is their daughter. For a Native Christian lady in India and for one so young, says the *Missionary Gleaner*, from which the portrait is taken, Miss Cornelia Sorabji has had a remarkable educational career. She was the first and only lady to enter the Deccan College at Poona in 1884. In the College at the time there were upwards of 300 men, who, with the exception of two Englishmen and a few Parsees, were all Hindus.

Even at this early period of her life—for she is yet barely twenty-three—she has done much towards elevating the position of her own countrywomen by her brave, high-souled behavior and the influence of her Christian faith to raise the character and ability of women in the estimation of the young men with whom she came daily in contact. In Miss Sorabji's case no concessions were made at the College. She studied Latin with the men (though French has been allowed for lady students), she was "top of her year" in the previous examination, has held the scholarship each year of her course; was "Hughling's scholar" in 1885, having passed "head' of the University; was "Havelock 'prize-man'" at the end of the same year, being top of the Deccan College in English; and in the final B.A. examination of the Bombay University held in November, 1887, she was one of four (the other three being men) in the entire Presidency, and the only student from her own College who succeeded in getting first-class honors. Subsequently to this she was appointed Senior Fellow of the Guzerat Arts College at Ahmedabad, and in this capacity gave lectures to a class of men in English and in Logic. In January of this year she was further promoted to the post of Professor of English in the same college.

Miss Sorabji has now come to England to read for honors at Oxford, and is now at Somerville Hall there.

THE WORLD'S ACCEPTANCE OF US.

Goethe says, "The world accepts every person for what he gives himself out to be."

At first flash we are inclined to challenge this statement. But the fact is we 'give ourselves out" in a great many ways we neither intend nor suspect. One's carriage, movements, expression of face, attitudes, voice, the choice and fit of our clothes and our habitations, our friends and companions—all are but a network of "looped and windowed raggedness" through which he that runs may get a glimpse of our real character and know more in certain ways about us than we know about ourselves.

A dog always knows when you are afraid of him. You march past him with an air of bravado. What slink of your eye, or untoward wrinkling of your clothes, or unconscious quickening of your motion, gave out to the dog that your heart was being dissolved within you? There was something that told it; and the dog knew it. A horse knows instantly when the hand of a master holds the reins; and little children know whom to trust and whom to suspect, whom to obey and whom to defy.

You enter a street-car and the man opposite who gives you a casual glance settles very definitely some things you never suspected in yourself. There is a fine line of superciliousness in your face, especially when the car goes past a low quarter, there is a slight toss of your head when you gather back your skirts from the washer-woman with the dirty baby; there was hardly a hair-breadth of motion, but it told direction as plainly as if it had been two miles. You pose before yourself and your world as a benevolent person. You assist at the Cash-girl's Fair and the Children's Fresh Air Fund and dress Christmas dolls, and you love your neighbor as yourself in many ways which you could mention, but you "give yourself out to be" something quite different from your ideal self by a turn of the lip or a tone of the voice—a word spoken or a word omitted.

A lady makes herself a slave to an elegant wardrobe—and she looks like what she subjects herself to; she conveys some definite impression of the supremacy of clothes and the subordinacy of herself. She can never have the subtle air of distinction which a woman has who does not think of clothes, who can look right without spending great and constant thought upon her garments.

So in a thousand ways the impression we really make is exactly opposite to the impression we designed to make.

Probably the great German was not far from the truth when he said, "The world accepts every person for what he gives himself out to be."—*Wide Awake.*

THE ELEPHANTS OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

BY MISS RISLEY SEWARD.

Now we saw without his drapery, the elephant which had borne our howdah. He was very large, though not so tall as Jumbo, and had been captured when he was a wild little calf, and given to the Maharajah's great-grandfather, then a boy, and the elephant had been for nearly one hundred years the pride and pet of the stable and menagerie; no wonder that he was as much at home with the Maharajah and his keepers as our most docile animals are with us. In being groomed he was

MISS CORNELIA SORABJI, B.A., OF BOMBAY UNIVERSITY.

first lathered with soap, and then scraped, and brushed by strong-armed men and sprayed off with a fire-hose, enjoying his bath with all his might, for at the end he was allowed a plunge in a deep river or pond, where he swam about for hours under water, with only the tip end of his trunk coming up to the surface for air, and this bit of a trunk, skimming along, looked not bigger than a small frog on his travels, though there must have been a pretty big swirl underneath the wave.

He came and went at will without a keeper, and after being shown to us and taking some tea cakes very gently from our hands, he trotted off alone when he was bidden across the fields, and under the palm-trees, to his stable three miles distant.

An elephant fight now promised much excitement, if the natives were to be believed.

The great creatures stripped of all trappings and made ready to fight by having their tusks cut off short, were brought, two by two, into a wide open field. When let go, they ran at each other, head foremost, with their trunks in the air. The fights were very stupid, being simply a huge game of "push heads which is the toughest," where the stronger won and then drove the weaker off the field. They seemed good-natured, and also to enjoy the game.

Some ten or twenty other elephants looked on, apparently interested and amused, until one very strong, active elephant among the fighters ran after his vanquished antagonist with the evident intention of striking at his trunk, when all the other elephants became excited, and constituted themselves a company of umpires, and set up such an indignant moaning that the keeper interfered.

We saw one beautiful elephant who was born in the Prince's province and had never seen a jungle, but had grown up in the pasture and stable, like any other cow. When she came to see us, her own little calf paced by her side. The calf was the little counterpart of the cow, and was a very pretty creature, whom one would like for a pet. She wore draperies and frills and gold lace like her mother, with earrings which nearly reached to the ground, and gold bangles. She walked jauntily along, "toeing out," stiffening her knees, and holding her chin down in the most approved manner. When we offered her a bit of sponge cake, she sidled nearer, like a pet lamb, lifted the little finger at the end of her trunk, and examined the cake daintily before taking it, and apparently never having seen any like it before, she turned toward her mother with a questioning look. The mother elephant seemed puzzled. She walked toward us with an expression of hesitating, anxious curiosity in her small, knowing eyes, as one may see any cow do. She held out her trunk for the cake, and the little one dutifully gave it to her, whereupon the mother turned it over carefully, then held it up and looked at us as if for an explanation. We motioned toward the little one, to whom she promptly returned it, and then looked on contentedly while the calf enjoyed the tidbit.

This indulgence on our part seemed to gain the mother elephant's confidence, for she began showing off her offspring with unmistakable pride. She pushed the little one toward us, and turned it round and round with her great trunk. When the calf demurred she coaxed and caressed her. The cow was evidently vain of the calf's finery, and encouraged that spoiled elephantling to flaunt her furbelows and tinkle her ear-rings. She drew our attention to the big, little fat legs of the beauty, and finally wound her trunk affectionately round the small neck, lifted the little head, and showed us the beginning of her baby's first tusk.

TOBACCO-POISONING

Babyhood, following the lead of a medical contemporary, has called the attention of its readers to the bad effect of tobacco smoke on young children; not smoke of their own manufacture, of course, but that inhaled from smoke-laden air. This is a subject we have never seen discussed before; but irrespective of any question regarding the habit of smoking, *per se*, we think that every one must agree with the conclusions reached by the writer quoted below:

"Every one is familiar with the effects of tobacco upon those unaccustomed to it, especially upon the young; but we are too apt to consider these effects as confined to the person smoking. This is a distinct error. The pleasurable effects generally are so confined, but the discomforts are not. Persons habituated to tobacco are usually very incredulous about these discomforts, and pay little attention to them. Yet many habitual smokers avoid a smoking-car or smoking-cabin, and we have known many men in good health who have been obliged to give up attendance at their favorite clubs because their fellow-members smoked so excessively as to cause them an illness. We have even known a strong man, who rarely used tobacco, in need of medical aid, from attending a directors' meeting, held in a rather small room, where the majority smoked during the meeting while he did not. With these facts before us, who can doubt the effect upon infants and young children before they acquire habituation? If a child is 'poorly,' with a poor appetite, is languid, etc., it is always worth while to inquire if this source of poisoning exists. It may seem that such caution is unnecessary, but we daily see the men of the family smoking in the same room with the children."

ROUGHING IT IN NEW GUINEA.

Mission life is not all luxury and pony-carriages, as some critics would have us believe. A letter from Mrs. Chalmers, the wife of the famous missionary in New Guinea, written to a friend at home, and without any idea of publication, gives us another side of the picture. She describes their experiences in getting from Motumotu to Port Moresby. When they started, she had been suffering from fever, and was still weak and ill. The long journey round the coast had to be made in an open boat, and the very first morning they shipped a big sea, were nearly upset, and absolutely drenched—clothes, provisions, and all. There was no possibility of turning back or getting to land, and so, wrapped in a blanket, she had to endure her discomfort till sundown, with an angry sea and a heavy swell. Even then troubles were not at an end. Having reached Maiva, where they had expected to land, they were warned by two natives who had swum out through the surf that it would be dangerous to make the attempt, and they were advised to go on fifteen or twenty miles farther. Any peril seemed better than that, especially as they had had nothing all day but biscuits and water. So Mrs. Chalmers sat up straight, threw off her blankets, ready to strike out if the boat should get swamped. The first line of surf they shot through successfully; then a second, then a third; at the last they were just a little too late, but dozens of the natives plunged in up to their necks, and dragged the boat up in safety. On shore they were glad enough to get a biscuit and some hot tea, without sugar, which had all melted. The night can hardly have been very restful, for the beds are mere planks, with a mat thrown over them; rats, mice, and lizards ran about in armies; and as for the domestic insects, Mrs. Chalmers confesses that she would rather face a crowd of the wildest savages in the island.—*Sunday Magazine.*

SATAN'S KINDLING-WOOD.

Beware of cigarettes, says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*: "I have tried cigarette smoking, and have examined cigarettes, wet and dry. I find opium and fenugreek in them to such an extent that the smoking of one or two would narcotize me, although I am an old smoker In closely observing ardent smokers of cigarettes, I have observed the effect of the opium in the eyes, and its unmistakable operation on the nervous system, and in other ways have seen the ruin the use of the fashionable cigarette is bringing upon young men, and middle-aged men, too. That there is misery and death in the use of the cigarette as now made, I challenge any man to deny. No person who habitually uses them, as now prepared, can long be healthy, especially in the nervous system, nor can such persons long have good sight, appetite, or physical comfort."

HOW SHE MANAGED HIM.

"If it wasn't for Bob Whitney," said the Chairman of the School Committee, looking at the minister.

"Yes," sighed the minister, looking in his turn at the doctor.

"What is it about Bob Whitney?" asked Miss Willis, the newly-appointed teacher.

"He is the worst boy in school; he's run wild all his life, and the teachers all have trouble with him," replied the chairman.

"There isn't anyone that can manage him," added the minister, while the rest of the committee nodded assent.

* * *

The clock struck four. Miss Willis touched the bell, and, one after another, the boys filed out until none were left but Bob Whitney. Miss Willis closed the door and went over to his seat.

"Have you learned your lesson, Robert?" she asked.

"No," was the gruff response.

"Don't you think you ought?" she asked again.

Bob would not look up to meet the grave, kind eyes bent upon him. "Why doesn't she punish me as the rest do, and have done with it?" he thought to himself.

"Robert, don't you think you have been doing wrong all day in neglecting your lessons and disturbing the school as you have?"

"No," he said, just as gruffly as he possibly could. "No, I don't."

Miss Willis made no reply, but went to her desk, took out her cane, and came back to where Bob sat.

"She thinks she can lick me into it; but I never yet was licked into anything, and I don't think I will be now," thought Bob scornfully.

"Either you or I, Robert, have done wrong," she said quietly as she stood behind him, cane in hand. "I supposed it was my duty to see that you obeyed the rules of the school and improved your time. I thought I ought to do all in my power to assist you in the preparation of a noble, intelligent and useful manhood. But I believe you are honest and sincere, and you say you have been right in following your idle, mischievous inclinations as you have; consequently I am the guilty one instead of you, and you must punish me."

Bob's face crimsoned with surprise as Miss Willis held out her cane to him. "I shan't touch it," he said, drawing back. "But you must," replied Miss Willis firmly. "And the rule is twelve good strokes." She laid the cane in his hand, and extended her own. Bob looked at the fair, delicate hand awaiting the stroke. How could he?—and yet there was but one other alternative, and that was to "give in." He felt somehow that this giving in would mean a good deal. He raised the cane.

"That will not count, Robert; you must strike harder."

"I'd rather be punished a thousand times over myself," he thought, but still he could not quite give in. Once more he struck—this time he left a red band on the white palm, and in spite of herself Miss Willis flinched and changed color.

"That is right; eleven more just such strokes" she said. But instead of striking, Bob dropped the cane as though it was a hot coal. "I've been an idle, good-for-nothing boy all my life," he said, trying hard to choke back the sobs. "And I'm too mean to live, to punish you for trying to make me do as I ought. If you will try me once more I'll do better, if it kills me."

"As sure as his name is Whitney we shall be proud of him," thought Miss Willis exultantly. "You can do nobly, Robert, if you only will, for God has given you grand capabilities; but you must ask Him to help you to keep them from running to waste, as you have let them all your life. It will be a hard struggle to overcome the habits of years, but it will pay, Robert."

* * *

Years after, all the town was talking of the eloquence and talents of Judge Whitney. Among the judge's most treasured possessions is a cane which once belonged to Miss Willis. "It was the making of me," he says.—*Exchange.*

JOHN AND BYRON.

John was a negro boy, full of fun and frolic. Byron was a large, white horse. Both lived and worked on Grandma Hudson's farm.

John had a habit that Byron disliked. While he was eating his supper of sweet hay and golden corn, John would stand in front of the stall and tease him, by making all sorts of ugly grimaces.

John thought it fine fun to see Byron get angry, and try to bite him through the bars of the stall.

Uncle George had often reproved John for this naughty habit, telling him that the horse would hurt him some time if he continued his insults.

Oneday, when Uncle George was away, John went into the stable to bridle Byron, and led him to the well. But, as he was reaching up to take hold of his mane, Byron opened his mouth, seized John by his thick, curly hair, lifted him from the floor, and walked leisurely out into the barnyard.

Grandma heard a loud scream, and ran to the kitchen door to see what was the matter. There was Byron, with John hanging from his mouth, marching across the yard: he was not trying to hurt the boy, but only giving him a vigorous shake now and then, to show him what he could do if he had a mind to. When he had punished him sufficiently, he dropped him on the ground and trotted away to the well. In this novel way, John was taught to abandon the cruel and dangerous habit of teasing animals. We all thought Bryon's trick a very smart one for a horse.

John never ventured to play any tricks upon him again, and there was no further trouble between them. All that Byron wanted was to be treated with proper respect.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WHITE ANT PALACE.

The white ant is known as an insect very destructive to wood in all tropical regions, and the temperate zones are not wholly free from its ravages. It is all the more destructive, because its work is never seen upon the surface, and the strength of timber is all wasted without any indication to the eye. The ant, if it has occasion to work upon the surface, first covers it with a coating of clay. Its manner of living as well as of working appears from the description given of the abode of an ant colony by Mr. Moore, of Australia.

Upon the brow of a small rounded eminence there stood a sort of pillar of clay about five feet high, which had once filled up the centre of a hollow tree, the shell of which had been, from time to time, broken and burned away. This pillar was the work of white ants. As it interfered with the working of the plough, I commenced breaking and digging it down, not without some difficulty.

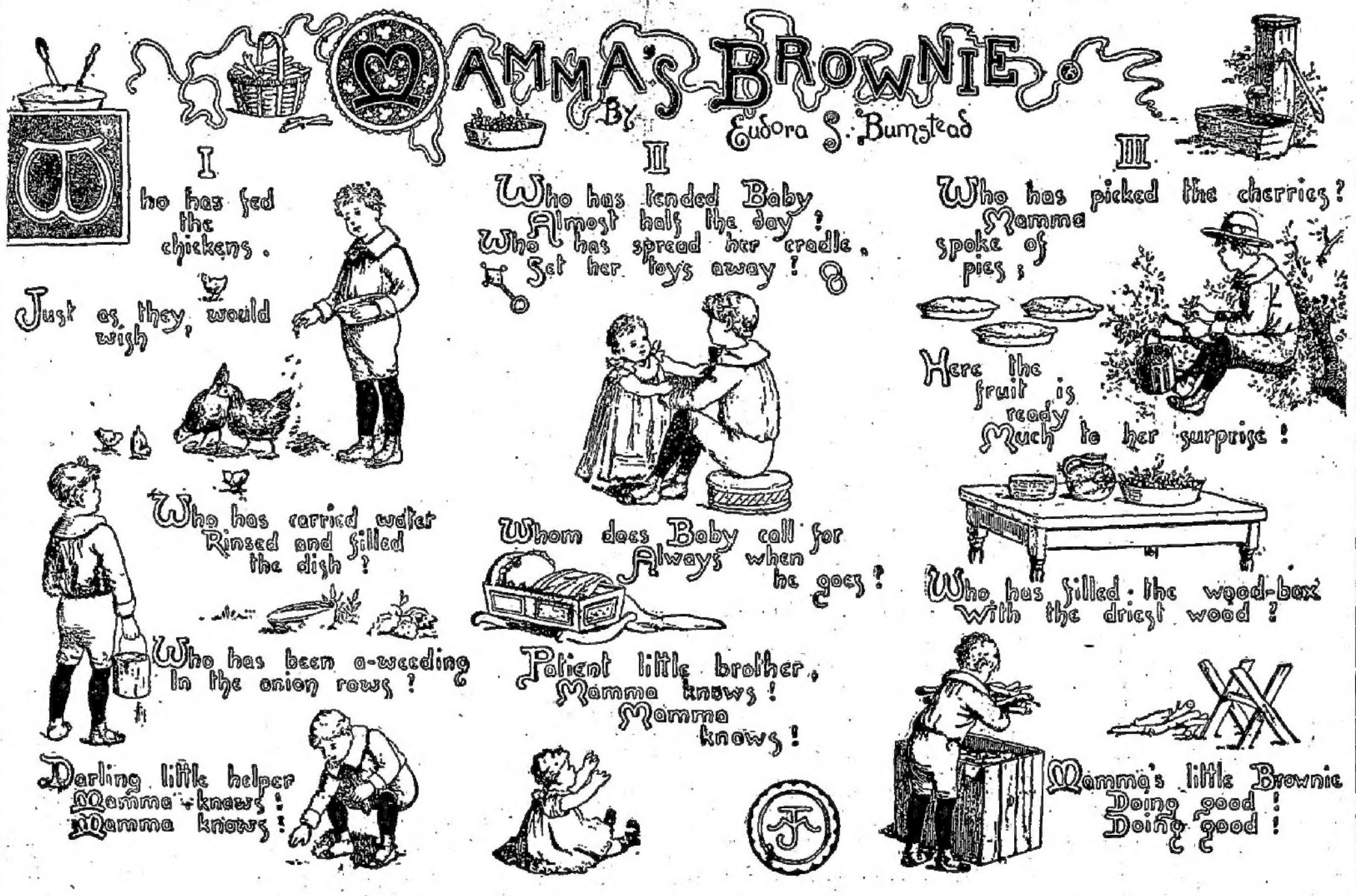
The clay, which was surprisingly stiff, hard, and dry, broke off in large fragments. At length, near the level of the surface of the ground, a rounded crust was uncovered, looking like the crown of a dome. On breaking through this, the whole city of the ants was laid bare—a wonderful mass of cells, pillars, chambers and passages. The spade sank, perhaps two feet, among the crisp and crackling ruins, which seemed formed either of the excavated remnants of the tree, or a thin, shell-like cement of clay.

The arrangement of the interior was singular; the central part had the appearance of innumerable small branching pillars, like the minutest stalactitic productions. Towards the outer part the materials assumed the appearance of thin laminæ, about half the thickness of a wafer, but most ingeniously disposed in the shape of a series of low elliptic arches, so placed that the centre of the arch below formed the resting-place for the abutment of the arch above.

These abutments again formed sloping platforms for ascent up to the higher apartments. In other places I thought I could discern spiral ascents not unlike geometrical staircases.

The whole formed such an ingenious specimen of complicated architecture, and such an endless labyrinth of intricate passages, as could bid defiance to art and to Ariadne's clue. But even the affairs of ants are subject to mutation. This great city was deserted—a few loiterers alone remained to tell to what race it had formerly belonged. Their great storehouse had become exhausted—even the very roots had been laid under contribution, till at last its myriads of inhabitants had emigrated to begin anew their operations in some other soil.

GIVE THY LOVE FREELY! do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In a long run.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*



AT A SALMON POOL.

We had stopped at a "cannery" near the head of Tongas Narrows, Alaska, to take on board two thousand boxes of salmon, and we had an opportunity to land and see the place where the fish are taken. A walk of half a mile through the evergreen forest brought us to the little river—it was hardly more than a brook—near the foot of a cascade fifteen or twenty feet in height.

The stream foams down over rugged ledges of pale gray slate, overhung by enormous firs, while fallen tree-trunks cross and half blockade it. At the foot of the rocks is a series of three or four picturesque pools of eddying water, about thirty feet in breadth and six or eight feet in depth.

Here, under the bright August sun, we beheld a marvellous spectacle!

The pools were full of restless, circling salmon, all pressing up to the foot of the falls. The foremost ones, bent crescent shape, were constantly leaping upward, some gaining the water above at the first spring, some falling back into the throng beneath to repeat their effort.

From the bay below other thousands were pressing up into the pools, impelled by the instinct which leads every salmon to return, after its ocean wanderings, to deposit its spawn in the river in which it was hatched.

Such was the pressure of the throng in the pools that the top of the mass of fish was at intervals lifted nearly out of the water, so as to suggest the idea that one might run across the pool on their finny backs. Yet all were in constant motion. Through the limpid water their dark purple backs reflected the richest of tints, with here and there the white gleam of a fish capsized in the press.

No one could witness such a scene without becoming intensely interested in it. One watched the frantic leaping of the beautiful fish with the same kind of feeling—as if one were trying to help the leapers by mental encouragement and muscular repression—which one has in watching a boat-race.

The more excitable spirits among us, men as well as women, shouted and screamed like school-children. Crouching and bending over the rocky verge of the pools, they clapped their hands when one of the fish succeeded in making a good leap.

It was a scene to carry long in one's memory; the white, dashing waters, the huge, dark-green overhang of the firs, the wild thronging of the salmon in the clear, cold pools, the dead and dying ones, floating helplessly out in the eddies. Flapping ravens croaked overhead, bronzed dragon flies whirred above the water's surface.

To all this spectacle of animated nature, annually repeated here through thousands of years before no human spectators, add the unusual element of a hundred tourists from the steamer rushing about the pools, in the wildest excitement, hallooing, screaming, hastily rigging out rods, hooks and spears, and even cruelly firing into the poor fish with pocket revolvers—and the reader may be able to picture to himself the scene presented on this August afternoon.

The business of canning salmon is now rapidly pushing its way northward from the Columbia. At present there are nearly a score of of "canneries" in Southern Alaska. They are generally situated in some deep bay, or arm, of the sea, surrounded by dark green mountains, or gray cliffs, capped with mist, and near the mouth of some river, or large brook. All these streams are the old-time haunts of the salmon, and here they are easily captured in nets and weirs.

The canneries are rudely constructed, but commodious sheds, beneath which is placed all the apparatus for dressing, packing and testing. This includes steam-power machines for filling the cans, ovens for heating, a tin shop for making the cans from sheet tin, and a carpenter's shop.

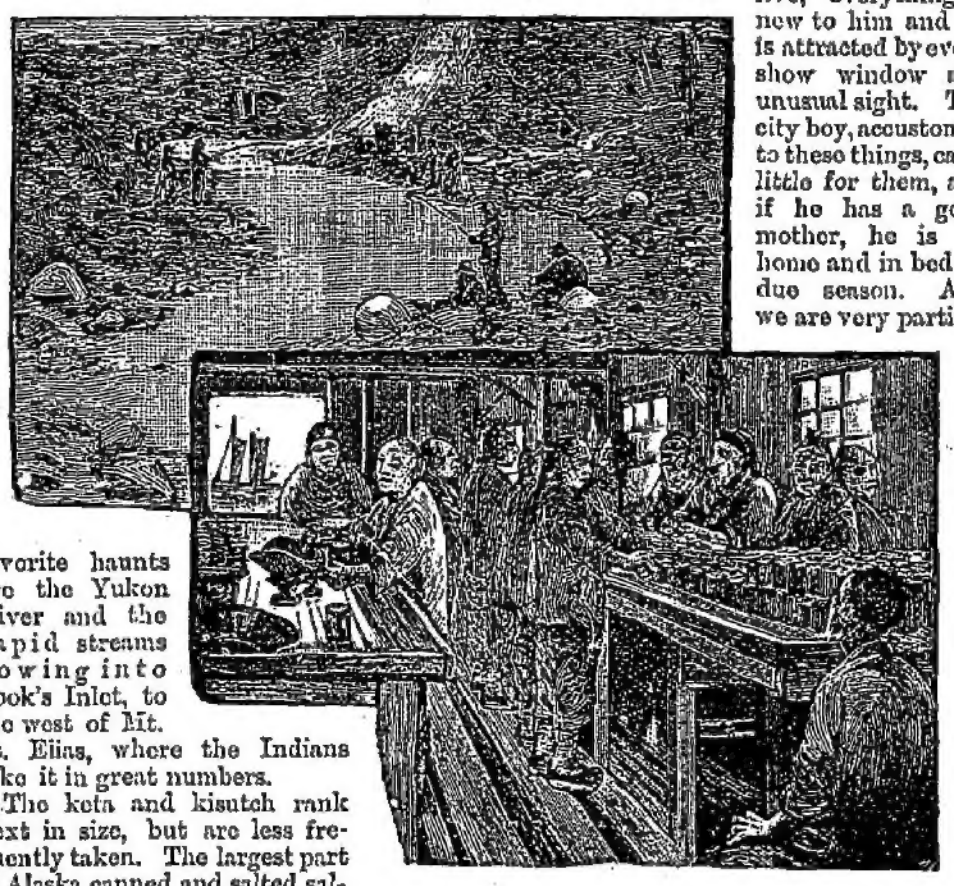
At the very picturesquely located cannery above mentioned we found two or three Americans in charge of the property. A gang of twenty Chinese were doing all the work, including tin-smithing, and testing the filled cans by heat, prior to sealing them. Indians are also employed, mainly to catch the fish and for chore-work. At some of the canneries the Indians are paid a stated price for catching—one cent a pound, or ten cents for each salmon caught. The salmon of these small rivers usually range, during the summer months, from four to ten pounds in weight. Almost every cannery either owns or hires a small tug-boat, for a tender, to bring in the fish caught at different points.

After the cans are filled with fish, they are put in ovens and raised to a temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, then tapped to let out the steam, and afterward soldered air-tight.

The average net profit to the cannery, this season, 1888, is estimated at five cents a can, and as a fair out-put is from sixteen to twenty thousand cases, of four dozen cans each, the gross profit amounts to about forty thousand dollars. Much of the Alaska salmon is shipped to Europe.

It is greatly to be regretted that, unless the method of fishing be changed, the salmon will be exterminated within a quarter of a century. It is another case of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." By the exercise of care and forethought,—and by giving the fish a chance to propagate,—the supply of fish might be made to continue, undiminished, for centuries to come.

Five varieties of salmon ascend the rivers of Alaska, named by the Indians and Russians, in order to their size, chowicha, keta, kisutch, nerka, and gorbuscha. The chowicha, or giant salmon, is the largest of all; it not unfrequently attains a length of six feet and a weight of one hundred pounds. Occasionally it is caught in the Columbia River, but its favorite haunts are the Yukon River and the rapid streams flowing into Cook's Inlet, to the west of Mt. St. Elias, where the Indians take it in great numbers.



SALMON-PACKING.

The keta and kisutch rank next in size, but are less frequently taken. The largest part of Alaska canned and salted salmon is of the fourth variety, the nerka, or red salmon, the flesh of which is the most popular in the markets of the world. No doubt the peculiar red color—a tint generally associated with the idea of salmon—has much to do with this preference. Good judges pronounce the flesh of this variety inferior to that of the chowicha and kisutch, which lack the salmon color.

The most northerly river of the globe which salmon are known to ascend is the Colville, in Northern Alaska, which flows into the Arctic Ocean, in latitude 71 deg. north. Kotzebue Sound, with the five or six rivers flowing into it, is the most northern place where salmon are taken in considerable numbers. Only one variety, the little gorbuscha, or hump-backed salmon, reaches this latitude; but all five varieties are found as far north as Behring Strait.

Alaska is a true home of the salmon, and will undoubtedly be one of the great fishing-grounds of the world. Were these fisheries judiciously managed, no decrease in the enormous numbers of fish need be apprehended.

More fish now attempt to ascend the rivers during the spawning season than their waters will contain. In the tumultuous rush to reach the spawning beds, far up the rivers, countless thousands of salmon are pushed on shore, or left stranded in pools and small ponds, as the water lowers during the summer months.

Nature seems to have no pity for them. In heaps and windrows, or scattered, innumerable, one by one, they lie rotting along the river and creek banks, the shallows and gravel bars. This destruction is nature's method of repressing the too rapid multiplication of the fish. The few thousand Indians who inhabit these wild regions, and who largely subsist on salmon, occasion no perceptible reduction in their numbers. Like the spring tides recurs every season the impetuous rush of eager, reckless, struggling fish, surging far up every bay, river and brook, from Cape Mendocino to Cape Lisburne. To utilize the excess, to save this waste of good fish and distribute it as food to all quarters of the earth, is the business which the Alaska salmon canneries have recently undertaken. It is an enterprise well deserving of success.—*C. A. Stephens, in Youth's Companion.*

"THE BEST BOY'S STORY I EVER HEARD."

That was what a lawyer said about this story that I am to relate to you: "It is the best boy's story that I ever heard."

"We have had a good many boys with us from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment in Market street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices to learn the business. What may surprise you is that we never take country boys, unless they live in the city with some relative who takes care of them and keeps them home at night, for when a country boy comes to the city to live, everything is new to him and he is attracted by every show window and unusual sight. The city boy, accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and if he has a good mother, he is at home and in bed in due season. And we are very particular about our boys, and before accepting one as an apprentice, we must know that he comes of honest and industrious parents.

"But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one man in the establishmant that we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and he was with us for eleven years, acting for several years as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy, his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out, when according to agreement we should have been paying him five hundred dollars a year, we paid him nine hundred dollars, and he never said a word himself about an increase in salary. From the very outset he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little overtime at night, it never seemed to make any difference with him. He gradually came to know where everything was to be found, and if information was wanted, it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that everyone applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head, and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the name of every man who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought, and where he came from. I used often to say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?'

"'I make it my business to remember,' he would say. 'I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer.'

"And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases as he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them, and to fulfill to the letter everything he promised.

"Well, affairs went on this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to take him in as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco, nor beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued, as at the beginning, to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest, he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it was very probable that he had laid up one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money in the firm, he replied:

"'If ten thousand dollars will be any object, I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my sister will let me have six hundred.'

"I can tell you I was never more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and the most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar or twenty-five cents, or five cents for an unnecessary thing, and kept his money in a bank where it gathered a small interest. I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and I always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is much'; and on the other: 'He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings and not before mean men.' And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfilment of those two texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things as in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy always succeeds," concluded Mr. Alden.

A small boy of ten, who had listened to the story with eager eyes, as well as ears, said: "But we don't have any kings in this country, Mr. Alden, for diligent boys to stand before!"

"Yes we do," laughed Mr. Alden. "We have more kings here than in any other country in the world. We have money kings, and business kings, and railroad kings, and land kings, and merchant kings, and publishing kings, and some of them wield an enormous power. This is a great country for kings."—*Mary Wager Fisher, in Wide Awake.*

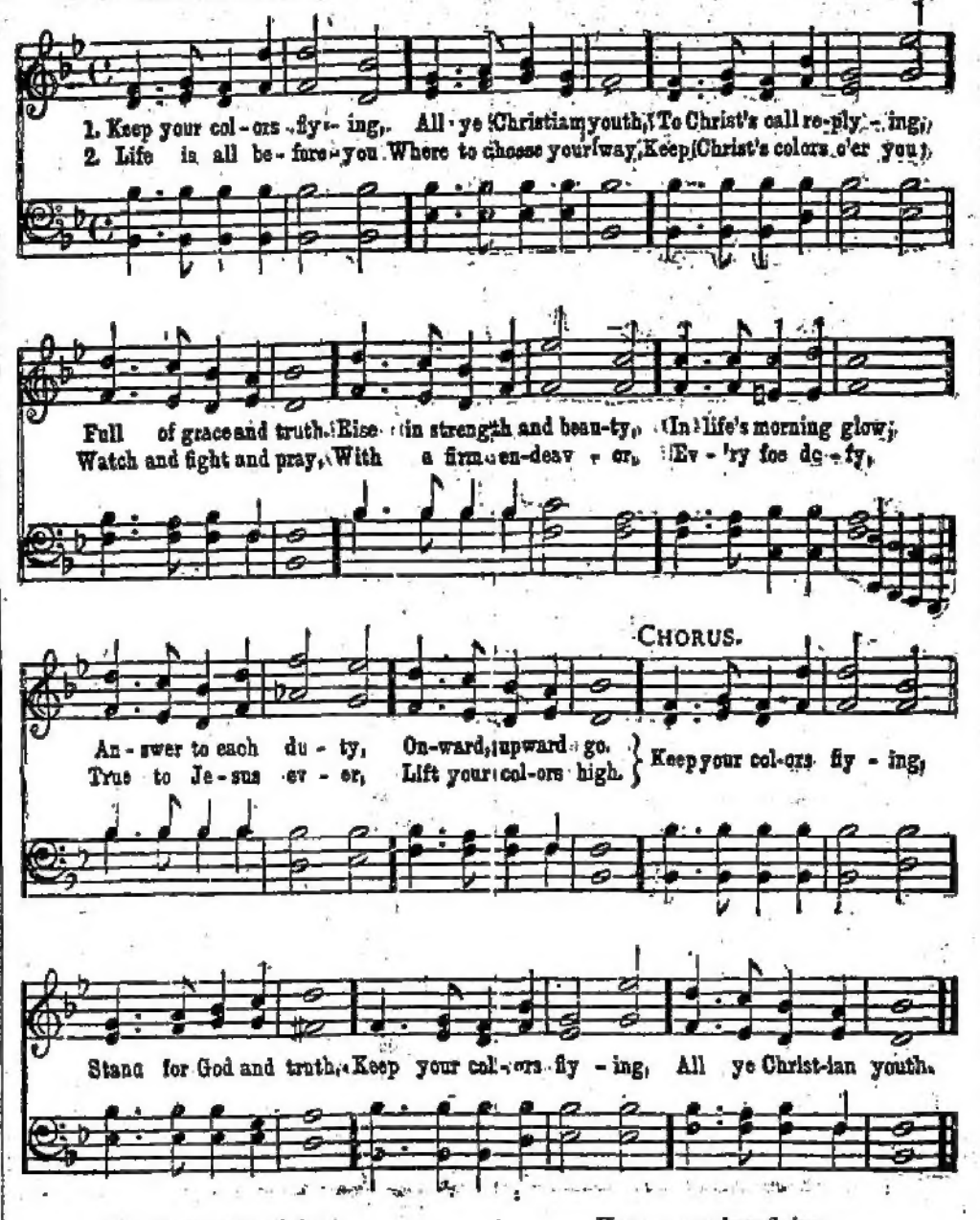
TWELVE HELPFUL RULES.

Here are some that have been tried with noticeably good effect.

1. Do not interrupt others in conversation unnecessarily.
2. Be unselfish.
3. Have courage to speak the truth.
4. Do not shirk.
5. If you have been to blame, do not try to throw the blame on some one else. "If she hadn't done so-and-so, it wouldn't have happened."
6. When you have used an article put it back in its place, especially if it is one used by the family in common.
7. Remember that by your conduct persons judge of your home training and home influences.
8. Be careful to meet your engagements promptly.
9. Be punctual at meals.
10. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
11. Help others.
12. Let your friends feel that you can be depended upon to keep your word. It will be a comfort to them to have some one to turn to in time of need, and it will be a deep and lasting pleasure to you to know they have confidence in you.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

KEEP YOUR COLORS FLYING.

[OUR BANNER HYMN.]

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. TASSO CORBEN.

1. Keep your col-ors fly-ing, All ye Christian youth, To Christ's call re-ply-ing,
2. Life is all be-fore you. Where to choose your way, Keep Christ's colors o'er you,
Full of grace and truth, Rise in strength and beau-ty, In life's morning glow,
Watch and fight and pray, With a firm en-deav-or, Ev-'ry foe de-fy,
CHORUS.
An-swer to each du-ty, On-ward, upward go,
True to Je-sus ev-er, Lift your col-ors high.
Keep your col-ors fly-ing,
Stand for God and truth, Keep your col-ors fly-ing, All ye Christ-ian youth.

Keep your colors flying,
Never think of ease;
Sin and self-denying,
Jesus only please.
Not for worldly pleasure,
Not for worldly fame,
Not for heaps of treasure;
Live for Jesus name.

Keep your colors flying,
Walk as Jesus did;
In him living, dying,
Let your life be hid;
Hoping, trusting ever,
Breathe this mortal breath;
You shall live forever,
Christ has conquered death.

A YEAR UNTRIED.

A year untried before me lies,
What shall it bring of strange surprise?
Or joy, or grief, I cannot tell;
But God, my Father, knoweth well.
I make it no concern of mine,
But leave it all with Love Divine.

Be sickness mine, or rugged health,
Come penury to me, or wealth;
Though lonesome I must pass along,
Or loving friends my way may throng;
Upon my Father's Word I rest;
Whatever shall be, shall be best.

No ill can come but he can cure,
His Word doth all of good ensure;
He'll see me through the journey's length.
For daily need give daily strength.
'Tis thus I fortify my heart,
And thus do fear and dread depart.

The sun may shed no light by day,
Nor stars at night illume my way;
My soul shall still know no affright,
Since God is all my Life and Light.
Though all the earthly lamps grow dim,
He walks in light who walks with him.

O Year untried, thou hast for me
Nought but my Father's eye can see;
Nor canst thou bring me loss or gain,
Or health or sickness, ease or pain:
But welcome messenger shall prove
From Him whose name to me is Love.
—*R. M. Offord in New York Observer.*

CHOCOLATE.

Chocolate is a paste made of the seeds of the cocoa tree, which is an evergreen and grows in Central and South America, and the West Indies. It is four or five times as high as a man. The fruit is shaped like a thick, short cucumber, is six to nine inches long and about half as wide. The skin is rough and warty; the inside is a sweet, pinkish-white pulp used for food, which contains twenty to sixty seeds about as large as almonds. These seeds, which are called cocoa beans, have a thin, brittle, reddish brown husk, and a dark brown oil inside. In preparing the beans for use, they are first roasted like coffee beans, then crushed and cleaned of the husks. The husks are the cocoa shells of commerce. The beans when broken into pieces are called cocoa nibs. This is the purest form in which it comes. The paste made by grinding the nibs alone is properly called cocoa, and when ground with other substances and flavors, it is chocolate. The other substances are sugar, molasses, honey, gum, starch, oatmeal, rice flour, sago, or arrow-root; the flavors are cinnamon, cloves, vanilla, etc. The mixture is made into a paste and poured into moulds to harden. It is used as a drink, food, and in making confectionery.

THERE IS NO WORK so small, no art so mean, but it all comes from God, and is a special gift for him.—*Tauler.*

THE WAY TO IMPROVE the prayer-meeting is to improve ourselves.—*Childs.*

THE *MESSENGER.*

We request our *Messenger* readers to do what they can to increase the circulation of this paper. We know it is doing much good and want it to do much more. Will you help us?

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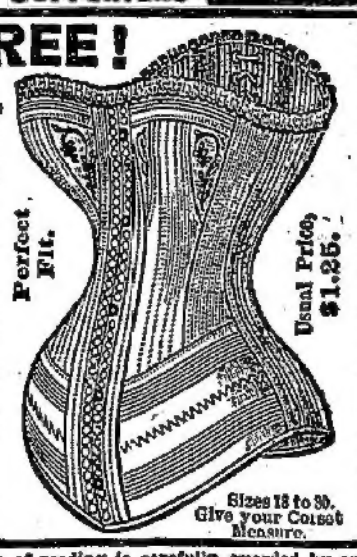

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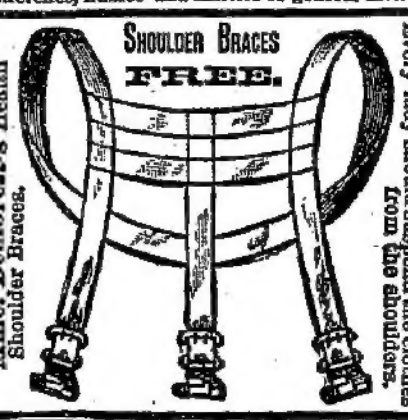

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